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THE TOYMAKER OF NUREMBERG

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS AND TWO SCENES

By AUSTIN STRONG

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NOV 14 1921

Dedicated to

CYRIL MAUDE

q.M.Q. 12/3/21

Dramatis Personæ

The Sentry.
The Street Cleaner.
The Sergeant.
The Boy.
The Girl.
The Mother.
The Lamplighter.
The Employer.
The Stranger.
The Boy's Friend.
The Poet.
The Children.
The Soldiers.
The Toymaker.
The Clerk.
The Cook.
The Driver.
The Coachman.

Synopsis

Scene. *Laid in Nuremberg.* Time. *Present.*

Act I. *Scene I. Outside the Walled Garden.*

Scene II. The Toymaker's.

Act II. *Inside the Walled Garden.*

Act III. *The Toymaker's again.*

THE TOYMAKER OF NUREMBERG

ACT I

Scene I

Outside the Walled Garden

The curtain rises on the street outside the Walled Garden of Herr Kronfeldt. A sentry-box to right and a soldier standing in it on duty. A street lamp, not lighted, is in front of him.

The time is late afternoon, the close of a summer day, and the stage is suffused with orange and brown lights. The wall is a fretwork of shadows from the light through the leaves above.

Enter a Soldier, and behind him an Officer. The Sentry presents arms as they pass out. To the left are an Officer and Soldier; to the right a Street Cleaner. A Woman with a basket enters and throws leaves into Street Cleaner's wheelbarrow. Then an old German pushes in a wheelbarrow. He carries a broom. He commences to sweep up the dead leaves. Children laugh at Street Cleaner. Some Children and Citizens pass, all calmly, sedately. Enter a Girl with a smaller Boy and Girl. The small Boy stares at the Sentry — is jerked along. The Girl swishes her skirt away from the Street Cleaner. The stage becomes empty for a space, leaving the Street Cleaner and the Sentry. Enter at left the Boy, a healthy-looking youth of seventeen or eighteen, and with him is his friend, Paul. They carry an empty barrel between them. The Boy is feverish with suppressed excitement. His friend looks up at him with true boyish hero-worship.

THE BOY (*aside to Paul, as they halt with the barrel swinging between them*). Is that our sentry, Paul?

PAUL (*peering at the sentry-box, and shading his eyes with his hand*). No — no — take care! I don't know this one! Wait till the guard is changed. Ours will come then!

THE BOY. I *will* see her this time — Oh, Paul, my heart beats so fast!

PAUL. Take long breaths!

STREET CLEANER (*picks up barrow*). Eh! What are you boys doing with that barrel?

PAUL. Please — we are — we are ——

STREET CLEANER. Ah! There's mischief here! (*Putting barrow down*) Explain, please!

THE BOY. I am the Toymaker's son, Street Cleaner — and refuse to explain to you or to anyone.

STREET CLEANER. The Toymaker's son! You are *his* son! Umph! Then it is all right. There can be no mischief. How is your good father, child?

THE BOY. Well — I thank you, Street Cleaner.

STREET CLEANER (*hobbling off and muttering*). The Toymaker's son — um — the Toymaker's son! No — there is no mischief here — the Toymaker's son!

[*The lads watch him exit.*

THE BOY (*struggling with the end of the barrel*). I can't wait, Paul, — I must begin!

PAUL. No, no — this sentry we don't know, — and he might report us! Wait till the guard changes and our friend sentry comes. (*Music and drum*) Ssh — here they are now.

[*Enter a squad of Soldiers. They change guard with military abruptness, leaving another Sentry in the box. Then the squad passes out as it came.*

NEW SENTRY (*gruffly*). Hullo — you boys here again?

[*The two Boys run up to him eagerly — still carrying the empty barrel between them.*

PAUL. Oh, Herr Sentry, may we play again to the young lady in there?

[*Points at the wall.*

SENTRY. Ha! Ha! Did you ever hear of a soldier spoiling sport! Nay, my lads, do what you please — and I'll stand watch for you.

THE BOY (*dropping the barrel and putting out his hand*). Herr Sentry — you have indeed been truly kind to us ——

[*The barrel falls on Paul's toe.*

PAUL. Ouch!

THE BOY (*to Sentry*). —— and we thank you from our heart.

[*Paul goes to left of barrel.*

SENTRY (*putting out a white gloved hand; gruffly*). Spoken like royalty, Comrade! You'd better hurry — the sun's fast going down.

[*The Lads run to the rear and put the barrel against the wall. The Boy sits on it and Paul kneels below on the ground, looking up at him. The Boy takes out the pieces of a flute from his divers pockets, and puts them together.*

PAUL. I wonder if it will be a rose or a tulip you will get this time, David?

THE BOY. I am playing for the sight of her face. I've only seen her in church! Ah, *will* she come — Paul!

PAUL. Yes, I tell you — if you keep on playing. You've always stopped playing when the flower's been thrown over — satisfied with that. But now keep on playing *after*, and she'll be sure to come!

THE BOY. You think so?

PAUL. I know it.

THE BOY. Ah!

SENTRY. Good luck, Comrade!

THE BOY (*whispering*). How my heart beats, Paul.

PAUL. It will pass.

[*The Boy sits on the barrel and begins on his flute to play a quaint, sad little love tune. It is played with great beauty and tenderness. He plays some time, when the Sentry thumps the ground with his gun.*

SENTRY. Take care, Comrade! Here come the Poet and Sergeant Strumpf!

[*Music. The Boy stops, hides his flute, and remains seated on his barrel. Enter then the Sergeant, a veteran with one leg, one arm, one eye. He is covered with medals. With him is his old friend, the Tragedian, in a long cloak and high hat. They walk arm in arm. The Sergeant, hobbling with abruptness — the Poet with languid, affected ease and magnificent manner. The Sentry salutes the Sergeant by presenting arms. They enter quarrelling.*

POET. Well, Herr Sergeant — History tells us —

SERGEANT. Damn your history, sir — I was there! (*Saluting — as they pass — and halting when he sees the Boy*) Ah — Boy!

[*The Boy jumps off the barrel and removes his hat respectfully.*

THE BOY. Herr Sergeant Strumpf! Herr Von Staufenbach!

[*The Poet takes off his hat with pompous magnificence and bows flatly.*

POET. Boy — we seek thy father — The Master of the Art of Toys. Is he at home?

[*Paul walks behind, to below the Poet, with the Sentry between him and Poet.*

THE BOY. Yes — Herr Staufenbach — and he is waiting for you — his dear friends.

[*The Poet puts hat on.*

SERGEANT (*to Poet*). Well spoken! (*To the Boy*) But what do you here, Boy, at this time of day? You should be at home preparing for bed!

[*Paul has sneaked up behind the Tragedian and pulled at his cloak. The latter bends pompously down. Paul whispers in his ear.*

PAUL (*in a whisper*). He waits his love lady!

POET (*at once with great air of intrigue*). Trust in me, sir. (*Sentry watches and smiles. Then aloud*) Come, Sergeant Strumpf, let us on our peaceful way.

SERGEANT. No, my friend — I would listen to this lad's explanation.

POET. Come — and I will tell you, Sergeant. (*Boy takes the flute from Sergeant. Crossing left, he drags him reluctantly off*) You see — his schoolmaster, Herr Rose, has asked him to study the effects of the setting sun ——

SERGEANT. Oh!

POET (*turns to Boy and winks*). In fact, the great mystery of our German twilight. Observation in the youthful brain and eye! That, you must see, Herr Sergeant, is the secret of our modern education.

[*The Sergeant hobbles off. The Poet, turning, winks at Paul. Exeunt both.*

SENTRY. Whew! That's what I call "Diplomacy."

PAUL. He's our friend. (*To Boy*) Now begin again.

[*Flute. The Boy plays again. The Sentry paces right and left twice, then returns to his box. Paul, sitting on the ground at the foot of the barrel, hugs his knees and looks up at the Boy with the deep admiration of youth. The Boy plays the little love air with real tenderness — his eyes directed above him on the wall. A large red rose on a long stalk is thrown from the other side of the wall, falling in front of the Boy, who stops playing and goes to pick it up.*

PAUL. No — no! Don't stop! Keep on playing, — she'll come if you do!

THE BOY (*with emotion in his voice*). But the rose, Paul — the rose.

PAUL (*running and picking up the rose*). Not till you've played her here! Hurry — it will be too late!

THE BOY (*putting the flute to his lips with a catch in his breath*). Paul — My heart beats so fast!

PAUL. Then blow! Make haste — or she'll be in the house.

THE BOY (*about to play when he puts the flute down*). Oh no — I couldn't meet her, Paul — I couldn't actually meet her!

PAUL. Blow — Oh, blow!

THE BOY (*in terror*). I will ——

[*With a gasp. Flute. The Boy begins, and the air is very jerky, wobbly, and weak, but, as he goes on, he warms to it, and it becomes pure and liquid again. He plays for some moments.*

PAUL (*his ear to the wall*). I hear something — don't stop! Stand up on the barrel — she's coming!

[*The tune wobbles for a moment, as the Boy, with Paul's help, gets up on the barrel. His back is to audience as he plays, looking up at the top of the wall.*

THE BOY (*stopping a moment — fiercely*). Hold my legs!

[*Paul puts his arms round the Boy's legs. The Boy plays on. Then the top of a ladder is seen against the other side of the wall. And, slowly and shyly, a young maiden with dark brown hair comes to view; she peeps timidly over the wall, sees the Boy, gives a frightened gasp, and disappears.*

THE BOY (*stopping his music*). Ah, don't go — please — don't go!

PAUL (*in a hoarse whisper*). Blow — you fool — blow!

[*The Boy plays again. The Girl returns and looks over.*

THE BOY (*stopping abruptly*). Oh, please don't go 'way! Please — (*A frightened pause*) How do you do?

[*Paul smiles; looks at Sentry who faces front.*

THE GIRL (*in a frightened whisper, hardly audible*). How do you do!

[*Another pause. She makes a movement to go down again.*

THE BOY. Please — oh, please — don't go away! I saw you in church yesterday — (*Pause*) Do you like church?

THE GIRL. Ye-es — (*She looks — Paul smiles — the Sentry nods*) Good-bye!

THE BOY. No, no — no — please — one moment. (*He wildly searches for a topic*) Do you like dogs?

[*Paul and the Sentry listen again.*

THE GIRL. Ye-es.

[*Paul and the Sentry smile.*

THE BOY. Oh, I'm so glad — I have — at least my father — has a dog — he's a fine dog — a dachshund! My name's David — what is yours?

THE GIRL. Hesta.

THE BOY (*with emotion*). Hesta!

THE GIRL. I thank you for your music — *David.*

[*Paul and the Sentry are pleased.*

THE BOY. Thank you — for thanking me, I mean — I — you!

THE GIRL. Did you always get my flowers — David?

[*Paul puts the flowers behind his back. The Sentry leans forward.*

THE BOY. Yes — see. (*Puts his hand in his blouse and brings out a bunch of withered flowers*) Here they are, all, every one — Hesta!

THE GIRL (*with tenderness*). Oh! (*Then demurely*) You like flowers?

THE BOY. Not really — only these — only the ones you gave me.

[*Puts flowers back. The Girl smiles and turns away; so does the Sentry.*

THE GIRL. You play so well.

THE BOY. Oh, if I could only talk as I play. I want to tell you so much — I have told it all to you ever so many times on my flute. It comes so easy on my flute — what sounds so awkward on my lips.

[*Paul and the Sentry still.*

THE GIRL. David — what does your music say?

THE BOY. It says — it says — I think you are the nicest girl in Nuremberg!

[*Paul and the Sentry again look at her.*

THE GIRL (*abashed*). Oh!

[*Sinks slowly out of sight.*

THE BOY. No — no — I didn't mean that — please. I meant — (*As she comes up again with downcast eyes*) Now please don't go away — I meant — in all the world.

THE GIRL. Oh, that's worse.

[*Paul and the Sentry smile.*

THE BOY. Please — Hesta — listen to what my music says. (*Plays on his flute, looking at her. She looks straight at him. He stops — and in a note of tenderness*) Can't you — understand?

THE GIRL (*in the same tone*). Yes, I do — (*Paul and the Sentry smile*) no, no — I mean, of course I don't.

THE BOY. Please say you do ——

THE GIRL. I do!

THE BOY. Oh ——

THE GIRL. I think it's wrong ——

THE BOY. Oh no — oh no!

[*Here the Lamplighter comes in. The Girl drops behind the wall. He is a sleepy peasant, who goes to the lamp and lights it. The lovers watch him in terror. He falls asleep — leaning on his lighting-stick. The Sentry leans out and pokes him with his bayonet. The Lamplighter wakens with a start and hurries off — not noticing anything. The Sentry follows him, looking at David.*

BOY. Fräulein Hesta? ——

[*The Girl comes up.*

THE GIRL. Your father is Herr Budel, is he not? The Toy-maker!

THE BOY. Oh, yes! (*Proudly*) He makes the most beautiful dolls in the world!

THE GIRL. And you ——

THE BOY (*still more proudly*). I paint the eyelashes on the dolls — which takes quite a steady hand, I can tell you!

THE GIRL. You paint the eyelashes on the dolls — oh, how difficult!

THE BOY (*proudly*). My father says I am an artist.

THE GIRL. I'm sure of it! I would so love to meet your father — I have always heard that he is the best loved man in Nuremberg.

THE BOY (*proudly*). Yes — and I'm his son! May I bring him to see you?

THE GIRL. Oh, yes — please!

THE BOY. And Nebuchadnezzar?

THE GIRL (*puzzled*). Nebuchadnezzar?

THE BOY. Yes — our dog.

THE GIRL. Oh — please — yes!

THE SENTRY (*enters, banging his gun on the ground and whispering*). The guard is coming — hurry, Comrade!

THE GIRL. What was that?

THE BOY. Nothing — Good-bye!

THE GIRL (*looking at him*). Good-bye!

[*A pause.*

THE BOY (*reluctantly*). Good-bye!

THE GIRL. Good-bye!

[*Neither moves.*

THE BOY (*putting up his hand*). Good-bye — Hesta!

THE GIRL (*reaching down her hand*). Good-bye — David.

THE BOY (*holding it*). Please, may I kiss your hand?

THE GIRL. Oh, no! (*He does so*) There — you've done it!

[*Crossly.*

THE BOY (*tenderly*). God bless you!

[*The Girl disappears without a word.*

THE BOY (*in agony*). Oh, please — I didn't mean to hurt you! I didn't mean to hurt you ——

THE GIRL (*shyly, peeping over the wall*). Of course I understood!

THE BOY (*bewildered and dazed*). Understood — what do you mean — understood what?

THE GIRL (*slowly and tenderly*). What your music meant, David.

[*Disappears in a flash.*

THE BOY (*in rapture*). Oh!

[*Tries to climb the wall — the barrel upsets, and he tumbles down with a crash into the arms of Paul.*

PAUL (*to David — after helping to pick him up*). Are you hurt, David, — oh, are you hurt?

THE BOY (*joyously*). No, no! Of course I'm not hurt! Come! Let's go and tell my father.

[*Music. Enter the Guard from left, the Sergeant carrying an old-fashioned lantern. In step to his music, the Boy comes down to them, still playing. Paul follows, dragging the barrel. The Guard marches off. The Boy falls into step and marches, gaily playing behind them — with his face towards the wall which is almost lost in darkness. Paul shoulders the barrel and falls into step. All exeunt.*

END OF SCENE I

Scene II

The Toymaker's.

A most wonderful room — tall and narrow. A high bow-window at rear, through which one sees the top of a high tower and the enormous face of a clock — only V, VI, and VII o'clock being visible. The great hands move slowly by, at stated intervals. The windows are leaded with diamond-shaped panes. A door to

left, with two steps leading up to it, and a wooden railing on either side. A wooden balcony at right, railed. Entrance at right. The bow-window alcove at rear. Each window has a window-seat, with worn and threadbare curtains of grey-vermillion. Table at rear on which is a big lamp with a green shade. The table is filled with pots of paint — and a sort of easel on which the Toymaker places each doll as he paints it. There is another table with a lamp and a small carpenter bench.

Shelves line the rear walls, on which are dolls' heads, masks, wooden soldiers, jumping-jacks, etc. Models of old-fashioned ships hang from the ceiling; also a huge pantomime mask of a giant, now dusty and shabby with age. Pictures are on the walls; also a comic cartoon and a series of smaller pictures telling a funny story.

Evening. Both lamps are lighted. The curtain goes up on the pealing of the chimes of Nuremberg, without. The clock strikes five. The Toymaker is seen sitting at the rear table, putting dolls' heads on with infinite care. He is dressed in a long, light blue blouse, covered with every conceivable colour of dried paint, where he has wiped his brushes. The Toymaker is a tiny, wistful old man, with a high, bald head and surprised, wistful eyes. He wears enormous tortoise-shell spectacles at the end of his nose when he works. He works as if he loved it beyond life. The chimes grow fainter. A cane and picture are on a chair.

And the audience hear him breathlessly, softly, whistling a simple child song. He stops when his work gets difficult. Then he begins again with renewed vigour when the difficulty is overcome. It is more like a wheeze than a whistle. A timid knock is heard at the door. The Toymaker, lost to the world, whistles and works on. The door opens and two little Girls come in, mothering an even smaller Boy. They come and stand with backs to audience, close to the Toymaker, and watch him work with the profound attention of childhood.

FIRST CHILD (*after a long pause*). Please, Herr Toymaker, we have come to see how the dolls are born! (*The Toymaker turns and stares at them with his brush in the air, a doll, steadied in his other hand, — all the while whistling his little air. A pause*)

Please, Herr Toymaker, we have come to see how dolls are born. You told us we could!

THE TOYMAKER (*with mystery, as he holds the doll up*). You have to see how the dolls are born! Watch! (*The Children at once sit down and look up at him*) This is a lady — she is almost ready to love her little mama!

[*Continues whistling.*

FIRST CHILD. Isn't she finished yet?

THE TOYMAKER (*more mysteriously*). Not yet! I have to give her a heart before she can love!

[*Continues whistling.*

FIRST CHILD. How do you give her a heart, Herr Toymaker?

THE TOYMAKER. Ssst! To give her a heart is very difficult! A slip of my hand and —— It is very difficult — watch! (*Picks up a little red paper heart*) Here is the heart, see — I put it (*does so*) inside this little doll — so — and — now she is born.

[*Holds it up. The door opens and a very pretty woman of fifty enters. She stands and smiles at the group, half hidden off right.*

FIRST CHILD. May we have her, please? — Herr Toymaker?

TOYMAKER (*flustered*). Oh! — Oh! Oh, no — I am sorry — this lady and all these other ladies are for little children like you in America! Sometimes I wonder how my little people fare out over there. If their hands and eyes and arms and legs are pulled off! The outside world is a hard place! (*becomes lost in thought*) — a hard place!

THE BOY (*crying, half rising*). Boo-hoo! I want ze dolly!

TOYMAKER (*frightened*). Please — please! I'm sorry! (*Picks up a Jack-in-the-box and lets it off. It jumps three feet in the air. The Children scream and get up*) Here! I've got this for you — see!

FIRST CHILD. Has it got a heart, too, Herr Toymaker?

TOYMAKER. A heart! No, he couldn't do what he does if he had!

THE BOY. Boo-hoo — I wantz ze dolly!

[*The little Boy keeps on crying till he gets the doll; then laughs.*

TOYMAKER. Hush — sssh! — here — take her, quick — and run away before I change my mind or my wife sees me.

[*Gives Jack to the Girl, running to the door, and doll to the Boy.*

CHILDREN. Thank you, Herr Toymaker!

TOYMAKER. Be good to her — she is alive — she is born — her heart is very new — it might break! Good-bye!

CHILDREN. Good-bye, Herr Toymaker!

[*Exeunt down left. He stands waving to them. He takes off his spectacles — wipes them — and, beginning to whistle eagerly again, he trots back to his table and is about to sit.*

FRAU BUDEL (*sternly*). Abraham!

TOYMAKER (*overcome with guilt*). Oh, is that you, Emma!

FRAU BUDEL (*going towards him, sternly*). Yes, it's "me Emma"! Why did you give away that good doll? It's worth one mark! Can I never stop you? How can we live if you give away everything you make!

TOYMAKER. Please, the little fellow, he wanted it, — he said he wanted it! When a child cries, — (*looks at her*) Emma, we don't like to hear a child's cry! — do we? And you — please — you mustn't scold on our wedding-day. [*Sits.*

FRAU BUDEL (*coming to him, and putting her arms about him, with tenderness in her voice*). Oh, Abraham, please — please try and be wise.

TOYMAKER (*nodding his head*). I'll try.

[*Goes back to work.*

FRAU BUDEL. Yes — you must (*crosses*) because we have heard this rumour — (*Toymaker is interested*) — how in America — in Kansas City — dolls are going out of fashion, and these fur bears are what the children like more.

TOYMAKER (*rises and goes up, stopping work*). Yes, these Teddy Bears! Pooh — (*comes back*) it's nonsense — A child's a child — and a doll — well — is a doll!

[*Crosses left.*

FRAU BUDEL. I know, but, Abraham, it's all the more reason why you should not give away your dolls, but try and save your money. It's a warning to you!

TOYMAKER. Yes, Emma!

FRAU BUDEL. This is our wedding-day, Abraham. (*She sits. To him*) We've been married all these years — all these years — and if we had saved our money we wouldn't have been so poor now, nor would you have to work on a salary for this American firm.

TOYMAKER. Yes, I'm a spendthrift.

FRAU BUDEL. And there's our son David, — you don't want him to run away, as our first boy — Adolph, — did — do you?

TOYMAKER. No! Adolph — how long has he been away now?

FRAU BUDEL. Twenty years! Our first boy — Oh, Abraham, not a line, not a letter for such a long time!

TOYMAKER (*consolingly patting her shoulder*). Only four years ago, Emma! He was in — was in — was in — oh, yes — Col-o-rado S — Sprinks!

FRAU BUDEL. I only ask you — dear Abraham — to be careful — be a little more selfish — think of yourself — and me — and David. The world is not what it was — it has grown so commercial — all is business now — and self!

TOYMAKER (*nodding*). You're right, Emma, as you always are, my dear. I'll be selfish! Yes — I'll be selfish!

FRAU BUDEL (*putting her cheek to his heart*). Please — oh, please try, my dear boy! (*To him, with her hand on his shoulder*) Now!

TOYMAKER. I will — all will be for self — all will be business now!

FRAU BUDEL (*feeling his coat where her face rested*). Why, what is this you've got in your pocket, Abraham?

TOYMAKER. Eh? (*Feels his breast-pocket for a moment, then, with excitement coming into his face*) Ach! I almost forgot! Oh, my goodness — I almost forgot — (*Brings out a little jewel-case and opens it; puts the box on the table; it contains a simple gold bracelet. He holds it up*) See — see, my Emma — (*she backs away a little*) my wedding present.

FRAU BUDEL. What?

TOYMAKER (*proudly*). A diamond!

[*Leaning on chair. Eyes down.*

FRAU BUDEL (*weeping and laughing*). Oh, Abraham, what shall I do with you!

TOYMAKER (*childishly*). I don't know, Emma, I don't know! See — it is a little fellow — but he is there all the same!

FRAU BUDEL. Oh, Abraham!

TOYMAKER. And see. (*Holds it up. Goes to her*) I have had it written here — inside — here — I hold it so — so! There — see — (*Tenderness coming into his voice as he reads*) "Love is my wealth" — Can you see it?

[*She tries to read, but cannot for tears, and takes up his hand and kisses it with a sob.*

FRAU BUDEL. My dear boy — my dear boy!

TOYMAKER (*holding her tightly*). "Love is my wealth." Now let me put it on — so! (*She holds up her hand, and he is putting it on when there is a heavy, military knock at the door. They rise, still holding hands like embarrassed children. Guiltily*) We are caught — Emma! (*A shy pause*) Come in! (*Enter the Sergeant and the Poet. The Sergeant carries a hand-mirror in a paper parcel, and the Poet an enormous bouquet of flowers*) We are caught! — Ah, Sergeant Strumpf — Ah, Stauffenbach!

THE SERGEANT. We saw your boy just now, studying the twilight.

POET (*brushes Sergeant aside*). Hush! (*Crosses to centre*) Madam, we two old fellows come to congratulate the bride!

FRAU BUDEL (*deprecatingly*). A bride! A forty years old bride — oh!

THE SERGEANT (*crossly*). The bride, Madam! — and we have brought you a token of our deep affection — and (*To her. Quickly giving her the hand-mirror*) — and — you have always been a nice girl, Emma!

FRAU BUDEL (*Budel encourages the Poet to begin*). Oh, thank you, Jonathan!

POET (*Coming down left. Emma hides mirror. Histrionically*). In all the course of my political career as a poet, I have never been so moved as in this present festive and triumphal occasion. I remember — years ago ——

BUDEL. Emma!!

SERGEANT (*gruffly*). Halt! No memories!

POET (*Budel pacifies him*). Pshaw! You have spoilt my speech now! Sergeant Strumpf! (*Sergeant goes up*) Emma — your old friend loves you like a brother, and he gives you these poor flowers with the hope (*Sergeant laughs*) — with the hope ——

BUDEL. Ha — ha ——

POET. —— with the hope. (*Giving it up and gaily*) Come, Jonathan, we kiss the bride!

[*Then kisses her hand. Sergeant pushes him aside — and kisses her on the cheek. Emma puts things on chair.*

TOYMAKER. Dear — dear old fellows — the two presents! (*Crosses to Emma. Quickly*) Emma, bring our presents!

[*She brings back bouquet and mirror first.*

BUDEL. No! No! Our presents!

[*Laugh between Emma and Budel, as she hands presents. She brings a cane and a picture.*

TOYMAKER. This cane for you, old Poet, friend, see — it is tall and has a tassel. You can make fine attitudes with it!

[*Hands cane.*

POET. Oh, I've dreamt of a cane like this — (*Emma puts picture behind her back. Brings cane up and nearly strikes Sergeant with it; steps back*) — how did you *know* I wanted it, Abraham?

TOYMAKER. Have I not known you for forty years! And you, my old friend, Sergeant Strumpf — you who have fought in a hundred battles and been covered in glory — you who have more medals than most generals! I have for you a picture of your old commander — that man who was called "The Silent in Seven Languages".

[*The Toymaker puts the picture on the mantel-piece. The old Soldier hobbles up to it, lifts up the patch over his eye and looks at it a long time in silence, — then salutes it, — and turns in a broken voice to the Toymaker.*

SERGEANT. That — that was kind of you, Abraham! (*A*

pause as he stares at the picture) When my brother died — he — (*Points tremblingly at the picture*) *He* wrote me!

[*All talk at once to cover his weakness, when a bell is heard. Frau Budel runs to the window and looks down into the street.*

FRAU BUDEL. It's Herr Kronfeldt, your employer, — he's coming to see you on business.

TOYMAKER. Please all of you leave me with him. (*Sergeant takes picture*) Please — only a moment. Emma — take them into the other room and open that Bocksburtel bottle, — the one with the red wax, on the lower shelf!

[*She starts. Sergeant crosses stage, followed by Poet.*

FRAU BUDEL. Oh, can't I stay, Abraham? [*Stops.*

TOYMAKER. No, please, I have something to say to him. It's all business now — all business. (*A knock at the door. Frau Budel, with the two Men, exits*) Come in!

[*Enter Herr Kronfeldt, a fat, pale-faced, fair-haired man. He is dressed in a tall hat and frock coat, and carries a huge brown paper parcel, tied with string.*

KRONFELDT (*standing in the doorway and mopping his head with a silk handkerchief*). Phew! Those stairs! [*Puts parcel down.*

TOYMAKER. Come in, Herr Kronfeldt!

KRONFELDT. No, I've only come for a minute. Budel, have you changed your mind?

TOYMAKER. No, sir!

KRONFELDT. I'm sorry, for then I'll have to cut your wages down one half!

TOYMAKER (*nodding*). Yes, sir!

KRONFELDT. It's your own fault, Budel, — you should try and keep up with the times. I tell you, dolls have gone out of fashion in Kansas City; the children like these bears better!

TOYMAKER. Yes — the "Teddy Bears!"

KRONFELDT (*pompously*). Yes — the "Teddy Bears"! I want you to give up making your dolls — which I admit are the best there are — and make these bears now!

TOYMAKER. Please — I can't — I am sorry — but my life is with my dolls. My father — and his father, and his father

before him, have always made these dolls. (*Holds one up*) It's not human nature, Herr Kronfeldt, to change now, and make these bears! No! I can't do it — I can't do it!

KRONFELDT (*kindly*). I know it's hard, but I only want you to try, Budel. I want you to try. You have been our best worker, and I don't want to lose you! Here — I have (*begins to untie the parcel*) brought one of these fur bears — these Teddy Bears — for you to work from. (*Produces a large, white, grinning bear, and holds it up*) There — isn't it a beauty?

TOYMAKER. No, sir. (*Budel puts on his glasses*) I can't see any beauty in it compared to a doll. There is no scope for art. (*Kronfeldt lowers the bear*) I can't do it.

KRONFELDT. The man in America has made a fortune out of these bears. (*Budel shakes his head in a dazed way*) They call him over there the "Teddy Bear King!"

[*Holds bear up.*

TOYMAKER. "The Teddy Bear King!"

KRONFELDT (*puts it on shelf*). Yes, that's it. Well, now I'll leave it (*points to bear*) with you — perhaps you'll change your mind. If you don't — remember — I'll have to cut your wages!

TOYMAKER. Yes, sir!

KRONFELDT. Good-evening!

TOYMAKER. Good-night, sir! — Oh, how is Fräulein Hesta, your daughter?

KRONFELDT. Well, I thank you, Budel. Again — good-night. Oh, I forgot to tell you about these bears, — you see the legs and arms are adjustable! So!

[*Works its arms and legs.*

TOYMAKER. Yes, sir!

KRONFELDT. Good-night!

TOYMAKER. Good-night, sir!

(*Exit Kronfeldt. The Toymaker is left alone. He walks up to the bear on table. He stares at it, adjusting his spectacles and sitting down before it*) You bad wild beast — (*backs a step*) — you come into this house like the wolf! Is it *my* fault that children like my dolls no more — in that Kansas City! So

you are the devourer of my trade! No, I won't — you are bad — you are hideous — I won't make you! I'll have my wages cut. I am too proud to make — Teddy Bears! [*Sits. Enter the Boy, timidly and noiselessly, at door. He tip-toes towards his father, showing, in every line of his figure and attitude, fear of his father's anger. The Toymaker mutters aloud at the Teddy Bear, which makes the Boy start. He finally goes up to his father and kneels beside him, yearningly. A pause. The Toymaker mutters to himself.*

THE BOY (*in a frightened whisper*). Father!

TOYMAKER. "The Teddy Bear King" — is he!

BOY. Father — listen to me!

TOYMAKER. David — ah! (*Then angry*) These bears, David, these bears, they fill me with anger!

BOY (*pleadingly*). Father!

TOYMAKER (*looking at the Boy's face*). My son — what has happened, — what is this look on your face?

BOY (*weakly*). Father!

TOYMAKER. My son — my boy — what is this?

BOY. Please, sir, Love has come into my heart!

TOYMAKER (*gently*). What! (*The Toymaker turns completely around, awe and respect coming into his face*) You mean — David — you love someone?

THE BOY (*fearfully*). Yes — Father!

TOYMAKER (*putting his arm on the boy's shoulder, in an awed voice*). Do you realize, my son, what you say!

BOY (*draws back*). Yes, Father! I do. I did hope you would not be angry!

TOYMAKER. Angry! Me! Why — David! It is like finding treasure in the sands! My son — I have prayed for this!

BOY (*with joy*). Oh, Father!

TOYMAKER (*swings Boy to his left, then rises*). I rejoice — my son! Emma! Strumpf! Stauffenbach! Come — come in! Ah, this is wonderful — wonderful! — and only a moment since I was sad and unhappy about bears; — but now I rejoice! God has been good!

[*Enter Emma and the others.*

FRAU BUDEL. What — what is the matter?

TOYMAKER. Our son — our (*laughs happily*) baby, here, has found his love lady!

ALL THREE. What!

TOYMAKER (*almost hopping with excitement*). Yes — yes — yes! and we must have a feast! Here — Strumpf — order at the caterer's — beer — icing cakes — all! Where is she — (*to the Boy*) I must call on her — you must help me dress! My Sunday tie — the green coat with the brass buttons down here (*points*), I must make a good impression — as the father of the bridegroom!

FRAU BUDEL. But — Abraham — our son — he only paints eyelashes on dolls!

TOYMAKER. *Well* — Madam!

[*Arms around the Boy.*

FRAU BUDEL. How can he marry? He has no money, — he can't keep a wife on dolls' eyelashes! (*Turns and steps to Poet and Sergeant*) Dear Abraham, you must know that it is impossible for our son to marry!

TOYMAKER. Impossible! — you tell me this? — when God has blessed us so! — and brought love into our home! Have you forgotten how *we* got married! You talk of painting eyelashes! Pshaw! you and I got married on one mark — and look at us now ——

FRAU BUDEL. Abraham!

TOYMAKER. What has brought us here — step by step — stone by stone? Emma, this miracle of love! Love! You talk — everyone talks — of the world getting hard — cold business — all for self! Do you think I could have sat at that table there — (*points*) day in and day out — working — and working — till my back is bent out of shape and my fingers crooked — for *self?* No — love for you, my Emma (*goes to her*), did it, love will *always* do it! — and yet, you come to me and talk of his not getting married because he paints eyelashes on dolls and has no money! Shame! Shame!

FRAU BUDEL (*weeping*). Abraham!

TOYMAKER. No — I am cross. (*Rises*) I appeal to my old friends here! Strumpf — do you believe in this love?

SERGEANT (*gruffly*). I'll tell you how much I believe in love — I won these honours for a girl. She wouldn't have me. I'd give all — everything for one day of my youth.

TOYMAKER (*going and putting his hand on the Sergeant's shoulder*). Old friend! (*A pause*) And you, my poet friend — do you believe in this love?

[*Sergeant sits down. Toymaker steps to the Poet.*

POET (*proudly and slowly*). It has made me the man I am!

[*Sweeps up to bench and sits.*

TOYMAKER. There! You see! (*Then gaily*) Emma — quick — I must go out at once and meet her. Come — and get my clothes for me! (*A pause*) Gott in Himmel! — I forgot to ask, — who is the girl, David?

BOY. Fräulein Hesta Kronfeldt!

[*Rises.*

TOYMAKER (*pleased*). What! My employer's daughter!

BOY. Yes, Father!

TOYMAKER. Ah, Kronfeldt will indeed be pleased! He has always liked David. Come — I must go! (*Frau Budel exits. Shyly*) Listen, David — (*The Boy crosses to him*) You go on, and tell Fräulein Hesta your old father's coming to see her!

BOY. Bring Nebuchadnezzar — she wants to see him, too.

TOYMAKER. She does? — There — didn't I tell you she was a nice girl! She likes dogs!

[*Exit. As the Boy goes towards the door, the Sergeant speaks to him.*

SERGEANT. Good luck — my boy!

POET. Good luck!

BOY. Thank you, sir ——

[*Exit. The Sergeant and Poet are left alone. There is silence as they simultaneously take out their pipes, and fill and light them.*

POET (*after a pause*). Well, sir!

SERGEANT (*with a grunt*). Umph! [*They turn together.*

POET. I'm afraid the girl's father won't be so enthusiastic as we are!

SERGEANT. Kronfeldt won't hear of it! David has nothing!

POET. Neither have we!

SERGEANT (*smoking*). Neither have we!

POET. You are the soldier — you have been taught to plan and attack. Now, what can we do to help Abraham and these young people?

SERGEANT. Let me think. (*Pause, as both smoke in silence*) Ah!

POET. What?

SERGEANT. I might kill Kronfeldt. [*A pause.*

POET. The idea is good — but — diplomacy is better!

SERGEANT (*turns to him*). You think so?

POET (*turns*). Yes — I think so!

SERGEANT. Ah! (*They both become lost in thought again, smoking silently. A timid knock is heard at the door. Gruffly*) Come in! (*Enter Paul, who stands breathless. Sharply*) Well, sir?

PAUL. Please — please — has David been here?

SERGEANT. Yes — he's gone.

PAUL. Oh!

[*Hesitating.*

SERGEANT. Well, sir?

PAUL. Ple-ase — do you know if David told his father anything? I've come to hear how Herr Budel took it!

POET. All is well. Abraham was well pleased, and so are we! Abraham goes now to see Herr Kronfeldt.

PAUL (*awestruck*). Ah! — But ——

SERGEANT. Well, sir?

PAUL. I don't think Herr Kronfeldt will like it — he is a very ferocious man!

POET (*rises*). That's just what we've been saying, my boy! Have you any idea of what we can do to help them? [*Turns to Paul.*

PAUL (*dolefully*). No, sir. (*He speaks wisely. Both men look at each other*) I don't know what to do.

POET. We can't have Abraham's heart broken.

PAUL. No, sir.

POET. Nor the young people's, either! What can we do?

PAUL (*as the Poet turns to him*). Please, sir (*takes out a book*), I read in this book — about a young couple, who were almost the same as David and Fräulein Hesta!

SERGEANT. Well, sir! (*Paul turns to him*) What did they do?

PAUL (*to Sergeant*). They eloped, sir!

SERGEANT. Eloped!

POET (*steps down*). Eloped! (*Paul looks at Poet*) It's against our law — but the fathers generally come round — once it's done!

SERGEANT. Young man — you will be a general!

PAUL. Yes, sir!

SERGEANT. Your idea is a brilliant one — (*To Poet*) Abraham would like nothing better. It's what he calls "romantic," eh?

POET. Yes, it's beautiful! It could be arranged for next week some time.

SERGEANT (*banging the table*). To-night, sir!

PAUL (*to Sergeant*). But — sir!

POET. But ——

SERGEANT (*Bangs the table. Paul retires a little — scared. With a roar*). To-night! I'm a soldier — and I've learned one thing. In a plan of action — act at once!

POET (*puts cane down*). But it's *too* sudden — the young people are not ready! It's too quick!

SERGEANT. Silence! No broken reeds here! How does one elope, my poet friend?

POET (*puzzled*). How does one elope?

PAUL (*as the Poet turns on him*). Please, sir, in the books they always elope in a coach and six!

SERGEANT. Well, we'll make it a coach and one. (*Rises*) We'll go and hire it at once! In an hour's time!

POET (*as the Sergeant turns to him*). I protest — it's too sudden, Sergeant Strumpf. The young girl will surely object ——

SERGEANT. Bah! — you're a fool!

POET. A fool, sir!

SERGEANT. Can't you see if the girl is afraid to elope, then she is not worth the boy's love — and we are well rid of her?

POET (*in admiration*). You are right, you old war fox!

SERGEANT. Come, let us go hire the wagon — and then go to Kronfeldt's while Abraham is there.

[*Going toward the door.*

POET. Wait — a coach and one costs money! [*Puts his cane down.*

SERGEANT. Good Gott — we are done for at the start!

POET. No, — no, we are not — here is this watch. (*Looks up and kisses watch, — a gold one which he takes out and puts on the table*) It belonged to Schiller! It's gold — that will pay for the coach — and perhaps a little more left over. I'm afraid that's all I have — of material value — [*Puts it on the table.*

SERGEANT. They must have some more money besides paying for the coach! I'm afraid I have nothing — er — er —with me! (*Scratches his head; then sees his medals*) These things (*points to them*) — they might bring something!

POET. Oh, no — not those! Please — we have enough now, I'm sure!

SERGEANT (*unpinning them one by one*). This one — I won at Sedan. — This at Sadova — and this — and this — (*Puts them in a heap with the watch*) And this, I wanted it here on my breast in the grave. — I think I keep it. Bah! What are such fleeting honours to a boy's happiness! (*Poet sighs*) Lead us, boy, to the pawn-shop on the corner.

[*The two exeunt solemnly, arm in arm; Paul going first. Then there is a pause. The Toymaker enters with his wife and the dog. He is dressed in a light green coat, — a faded yellow waistcoat, a flaming red tie, white trousers, tight fitting and showing his ankles, and blue and white striped socks. His feet are in gaudy carpet slippers. He carries an enormous buff-coloured top hat, with a brown band. A huge red silk handkerchief hangs out of his coat tails. His wife follows him with his shoes,*

— little black ones, lined with white. She also carries a pink ribbon.

TOYMAKER. There — how do I look — (*Emma kneels to dog, swings round*) I'll make an impression — yes? Emma — you think I please as the father of the bridegroom?

FRAU BUDEL (*tying a large pink bow on the dog's collar*). No woman could resist you, Abraham. (*Picking flowers off chair*) Here — take this bouquet the poet gave me ——

TOYMAKER. Oh, no — that is for you — it is yours ——

FRAU BUDEL. Nonsense — Heinrich wouldn't mind its being used for such a good cause. You see, he'll make two people happy — kill two birds with one bouquet!

TOYMAKER (*taking it*). Yes — the idea is good. It will please her!

FRAU BUDEL. Now, good-bye — and good luck to you both! (*Budel watches her. He kisses her. She turns, sees shoes, and picks them up. He holds her a moment, wistfully. Then she, with the same wistfulness, speaks*) He must have — he was so full of romance! That is why he wanted to go to America to seek his fortune! Oh, why did you let him go — Abraham!

TOYMAKER. I could not keep him here to be unhappy ——

FRAU BUDEL. Oh, let's pray she is a sweet girl, Abraham! I've seen her in church and in the street — once or twice — but never to speak to. She seems a nice girl. (*A sudden crash of broken china is heard without*) Oh, what have you broken now, Minna?

MINNA (*shrilly*). Please — Frau Budel — the yellow dish!

FRAU BUDEL. The yellow dish! — Oh, I must go — the yellow dish. Abraham! (*Hurriedly kissing him*) Good-bye! Now here are the yellow dishes — don't forget them, and go call on the young lady in your carpet slippers!

TOYMAKER (*childishly*). No, Emma — good-bye.

FRAU BUDEL (*as she goes off*). The yellow dish — the yellow dish.

[*Exits. The Toymaker is left alone. He puts on his hat, takes his cane, holds the dog by the lead, and carries the enormous bouquet. He also carries his shoes carefully in his right hand.*

He walks absent-mindedly toward the door, hesitates, as he sees the Teddy Bear, and halts in front of it. He looks wistfully at it for some time. Then, in a slightly nervous and abashed voice, he speaks.

TOYMAKER. What I said to you in anger a few minutes ago — I am sorry for! I didn't mean you — personally, Teddy Bear! (*A pause as he looks at it*) Please — I didn't mean to hurt your feelings!

[*He turns and goes slowly and absent-mindedly out in his carpet slippers, wheezing his little tune; leading his dog; the bouquet in his left hand and carefully carrying his shoes in his right. As he goes the bells peal out and the curtain falls on a burst of chimes and music.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II

Inside the Walled Garden. Kronfeldt's house. Moonlight. The stage is enclosed by the wall at left and rear. An old wooden door is in the wall. Over wall, the housetops are seen of the ancient city of Nuremberg, — church spires and quaint misshapened chimneys — all half-silhouetted by a full moon. At right is Kronfeldt's house, with entrance, — three steps curved, — leading to the main door. The lower windows are lighted. A table is set for dinner, with a lamp burning on it.

The Girl is disclosed, finishing her dinner alone in the garden. Lena, the fat cook, is removing the dishes and taking them into the house. The garden is full of flowers, the wall covered in vines, and the trees meet overhead — giving a comfortable, sheltered appearance to the scene. Lena goes off with dishes and returns.

THE GIRL. When will my father be back — Lena?

THE COOK. He dines with the Burgomaster; he will be back early, Fräulein Hesta!

[*About to light lamp.*

THE GIRL. No, don't take in the lamp, Lena — please leave it. I'll wait out here for him; it is so hot in the house.

THE COOK. But here — it is so lonesome, Fräulein Hesta! Are you not afraid?

[*Song begins.*

THE GIRL. Oh no, why should I be? It is so peaceful here! (*sighs deeply*) and — and wonderful! (*Picks up her sewing and works in silence, as Lena clears away the things on the the table, taking them into the house and returning. On her return the Girl looks shyly up at her, and asks in a low voice*) What more do you know of the Toymaker, Lena?

THE COOK. What, still the Toymaker, Fräulein Hesta!

THE GIRL. Yes, I am interested in him, Lena!

THE COOK (*takes things*). I have told you everything I know of him twice over; stop — I forgot about his son, Adolf!

THE GIRL (*puzzled*). His son Adolf?

THE COOK. Yes, he has two sons — one Adolf and one David.

THE GIRL (*shyly*). Yes — David. (*Interestedly*) Yes, Lena!

THE COOK (*explaining with a spoon*). Well, the boy Adolf — pah — it is twenty years or more — he was a wild boy, and wanted to go to America. His father, the Toymaker, instead of giving him a whipping and keeping him at home, like a fool went and paid his passage over there, and sent him off.

THE GIRL. Where is he now, Lena?

THE COOK. Somewhere there; he writes once in four or five years. That's what I call an ungrateful son! It serves Abraham Budel right — children are never grateful.

THE GIRL (*timidly*). And — and David — Lena?

THE COOK (*in disgust*). What, the younger one — pah! He *is* a fool — always playing on his flute. His mind is just like his father's — always in the clouds!

THE GIRL (*thoughtfully*). Oh!

THE COOK. Yes, he paints the eyelashes on the dolls!

THE GIRL. Oh!

THE COOK. I leave you now, Fräulein Hesta. I'll be in the kitchen. Ring the bell if you want me. Your father will be home before I've finished the dishes.

THE GIRL. Thank you, Lena!

[*Exit the Cook heavily. A long silence. Music low and ex-*

pectant. The Girl lets the sewing drop into her lap as she stares in front of her. Sighs and then takes up her sewing again, and works quietly. A church bell is heard ringing eight o'clock in the old city beyond. Then the tramp, tramp, of soldiers on the other side of the wall. Gruff orders are heard of changing the guard, same as in Scene I, of Act I. The Cook hobbles out from the house with a shawl, which she puts on the Girl's shoulders.

THE COOK. I thought you might need this, — the night air is chilly!

THE GIRL. Thank you, Lena!

THE COOK (*crossing to house, stopping and looking up at the moon and taking a deep breath*). What a beautiful summer night it is, Fräulein Hesta!

THE GIRL. It's wonderful — one can hear the world's heart beat on nights like these!

THE COOK (*staring at her across the lamp*). What a funny thing to say! Fräulein Hesta, the world has no heart.

THE GIRL (*timidly*). Hasn't it?

THE COOK. No — of course not! (*Two notes on chimes. The Girl smiles*) The world has no heart.

[*Exits in the house. A pause. The Girl continues to sew quietly; then faintly in the distance a flute is heard playing the little love air of David's. It stops. The Girl rises, drops her sewing, and listens, panting with excitement, both hands on her heart. She listens intently — it begins again. She runs to the door of the house and listens, — then softly shuts it — and runs to a climbing rose-bush, plucks a red rose, and waits at the foot of wall. The ladder is seen leaning against it. The flute comes nearer and nearer, and then halts, outside the wall. The Girl throws the rose over; the playing stops and then the Boy is seen clambering up; with breathless effort he succeeds, after a struggle, in getting one leg and arm over; then he smiles at her excitedly — breathless and embarrassed.*

THE GIRL. Oh — take care, you'll hurt yourself!

THE BOY (*smiling excitedly and panting*). No — I'm used to it.

THE GIRL. Oh!

THE BOY. Please — my father's coming!

THE GIRL. Oh, that is nice.

THE BOY. Is your father here?

THE GIRL. No — David — he has gone to dine with the Burgomaster. He'll be back soon.

THE BOY (*still panting*). Oh! (*Gives another clutch at the wall as he feels himself slipping*) You — you will like my father!

THE GIRL. I am sure I will! But won't you come inside and wait?

THE BOY (*struggling with his hold and overcome with shyness at the same time*). Oh, no — please — I'll stay here!

THE GIRL. Oh — please — come in.

THE BOY (*climbing on the top of the wall and sitting on it, his legs dangling in front*). I'll sit on the wall here.

THE GIRL. But it is not comfortable for you there!

THE BOY. Oh, yes — please — it's very comfortable. (*The Girl goes back to her sewing and begins to sew in silence. The Boy swings his legs and regards her. Still embarrassed. Out of breath — panting*) Do — do you like the moonlight?

THE GIRL (*in a low voice*). Oh, yes.

THE BOY (*still puffing*). What did you say?

THE GIRL. I said — oh, yes!

THE BOY. Oh! (*Another pause*) So do I.

THE GIRL (*shyly*). Oh!

THE BOY (*anxiously*). What did you say?

THE GIRL. I — I said "oh"!

THE BOY (*smiles*). Oh!

[*Climbs down the wall and, trembling, goes and stands in front of her.*

THE GIRL (*drops her sewing and looks up at him*). Oh!

THE BOY (*with deep tenderness*). Do you like to sew?

THE GIRL (*hardly audible*). Yes — very much.

[*An awkward pause.*

THE BOY. I — I told my father!

[*A step to her.*

THE GIRL (*frightened*). Oh — what did he say?

THE BOY. He was glad — Hes — Hesta!

THE GIRL (*sewing diligently*). I'm glad — David!

THE BOY (*goes to her at end of table*). I think — I think you are the nicest girl in Nuremberg.

THE GIRL. I think — you are the nicest boy.

THE BOY (*moves to her*). Oh — you do —— !

THE GIRL. Ye-es — David.

[*He takes her hand. She makes a movement to draw it away.*

THE BOY. Please — don't — oh, please don't!

[*Holds it. They remain so for a moment.*

THE GIRL. When did you first — first like me, David?

THE BOY (*tenderly*). Oh — for years — and years — and years!

THE GIRL (*puts basket down*). You've always liked me?

THE BOY (*very tenderly*). Always! Always! But it is not "like" at all — Hesta — it is love.

THE GIRL (*frightened*). Love!

[*Takes her hand away.*

THE BOY (*drawing away*). Oh, yes — it is love — it is love, — it hurts me so!

THE GIRL. Oh, I am frightened! You are saying something very — very serious! I am frightened!

THE BOY. So am I. It is serious — Hesta, it is!

THE GIRL (*shivering*). Oh, I am frightened, David!

THE BOY. Let me hold you close — in my arms — so! (*Takes her gently in his arms*) Please — you cannot be frightened now! Are you? (*The Girl says nothing, but quietly clings to him and bursts into tears*) Don't cry — please don't cry! I wouldn't have you cry! I mustn't have you cry. Oh no!

[*Shakes his head enquiringly at her.*

THE GIRL (*tearfully*). David — I am frightened because — because — it is so serious — and solemn — and you are so — so kind!

THE BOY. May I kiss you, my Hesta?

THE GIRL (*drying her eyes and holding up her face tearfully and childishly*). Please — yes!

[*The Boy kisses her lightly; then she rises and they stand away from each other and regard each other in awe.*

THE BOY (*holding out his arms, with deep feeling in his voice*). Come!

[*She goes quietly to him and puts her head on his shoulder. They stand so in silence, both very moved and tender. Then a timid knock is heard on the gate.*

DAVID. Someone's knocking.

THE GIRL (*standing away from him*). It is my father, David.

DAVID (*running and looking through the little grate*). No — it is mine!

THE GIRL. Wait a minute. (*She runs up above, around to table, picks up her work-basket and sits*) Show him in, David.

THE BOY. All right! (*She goes to her seat and picks up her sewing as the Boy unbolts and opens the gate. Quietly*) Come in, Father!

[*In walks the Toymaker, leading the dog, carrying a huge bouquet in his left hand and his shoes in his right. He is still in his carpet slippers. Boy closes gate, comes back.*

TOYMAKER (*smiling absently at his son*). Here I am — David.

THE BOY (*nervously looking from his carpet slippers to his shoes in his hand*) Ye-es, Father!

TOYMAKER. Please — where is she?

[*Girl watches over her shoulder and laughs through the scene.*

THE BOY (*in a whisper*). She is here, Father — but your feet — Father!

TOYMAKER (*looking at his feet — absently*). My feet — David?

THE BOY. You've forgot to put on your shoes; you've got on your carpet slippers!

TOYMAKER (*gazing at his feet*). Oh! (*Holds up his shoes to David*) See! And Emma told me I would! Please stand in front of me — so — hide me — here — hold Nebuchadnezzar! These flowers — so! (*Sits down on the ground*) I change!

THE BOY (*holding dog and bouquet, and hiding his father from the girl*). Be quick, Father.

TOYMAKER (*Working hard. Simply*). Yes — David — yes! I am quick! — Hide me! There — so! (*He gets his shoes on,*

rises, puts slippers under chair, takes back his dog and the bouquet) Now — so — take me to her!

[*Girl becomes serious.*

THE BOY (*leading his father to her*). Fräulein Hesta! (*The Girl rises, putting aside her sewing*) Let me present to you — my father — Herr Abraham Budel! The Toymaker!

[*She curtsies low. He bows with an old-world grace.*

TOYMAKER (*fiercely whispering, nodding at the dog he is carrying*). Now him!

THE BOY. And Nebuchadnezzar — our dog!

[*Budel bows.*

THE GIRL. Eh!

THE TOYMAKER. Young lady — please, these flowers ——

[*Holds them out to her.*

THE GIRL. Thank you — Herr Budel.

[*She takes them.*

TOYMAKER. Your mother's ——

THE BOY. Ah ——

[*Relieved. An embarrassed pause, as all look on the ground.*

THE GIRL. Please, Herr Budel, won't you sit down?

TOYMAKER. Sit down?

THE GIRL. My father will be here soon!

TOYMAKER. Thank you! (*Gives dog to Boy, who exits with him. Sits down beside the table, near the lamp which lights up the little group. Very nervous, and giving her a shy look; then smiling at her*) Please, I am scared.

[*Watches Boy take dog off.*

THE GIRL (*startled*). Oh, please — don't be!

TOYMAKER (*smiling*). You young people have such fine modern education! I suppose you know a great deal! History! Geography! (*smiling*) and insides of pollywoggles — yes?

THE GIRL (*laughing*). I ought to know — but I am so stupid.

TOYMAKER (*shaking his head and smiling at her; then holding out his hand, tenderly*). Come! (*She rises, goes to him and kneels beside him. He shrinks. David enters*) And you, David. (*The Boy goes to him, on the other side. A pause.*

He continues with emotion in his voice) Please — I cannot tell much — my heart is so — so full. (*Then in a gentle and grave whisper*) Fräulein Hesta — is it really true — you love my son?

THE GIRL (*holding up her head — and looking at him, tearfully*). Oh, yes — please!

TOYMAKER (*turning to his son*). And you, David — you love this girl?

THE BOY. Yes, Father!

TOYMAKER (*to the Girl*). Are you frightened?

BOTH (*nodding*). Oh, yes — so much!

TOYMAKER. So was I! It is such a mystery — so silent! No one knows how or where it comes.

THE GIRL. Love is so wonderful, sir!

TOYMAKER (*nodding his head*). Yes, love is — but it will not go on by itself. Oh, my children, for this reason so many hearts have been broken. You cannot — you must not neglect love — it is a very fragile and delicate thing. We must keep him shining bright and alive in the home — or he will fly away — oh, so easily! And smile much. Oh, I believe so, in smiling much — keeps the doctors away. If sadness comes — and Fate seems hard — and she is often so! — put a smile on your face. (*Smiles*) Inside, you may feel more like weeping — but never mind — keep the smile so, and gradually — before you know — the smile has grown into your heart, and kindness comes; — then take a deep breath — presto! The sky is cleared and all comes right. All comes right!

THE GIRL (*entranced*). Oh, go on — go on!

TOYMAKER. You will find what I am saying is true — when you are married!

THE GIRL (*in terror*). Married!

[*Boy back a step.*

TOYMAKER. Yes!

THE GIRL (*rises*). We never thought of that!

[*The Boy stands back, and they stare at one another in dread.*

TOYMAKER (*gently*). Of course not! (*Regards them; — then*

emotion comes into his voice) Oh! (*Sighs*) Bless me — I felt that way over forty years ago!

[*Wipes his eyes.*

THE GIRL. But marriage — why, it is such a serious thing, — sir!

THE BOY. Oh, yes!

THE GIRL. Do we have to get married?

THE BOY. Yes, Father — do *we?*

TOYMAKER (*smiling*). Gott in Himmel — don't you want to be together the rest of your lives?

BOTH. Oh, yes — please!

TOYMAKER. When people really are in love — mind you, really in love — they are married!

THE BOY. Oh!

THE GIRL. Oh!

TOYMAKER (*slowly*). Fräulein Hesta, your father is a rich man; he has given you much comfort and care! Do you realize that my David here — is a poor fellow?

THE GIRL. Yes, Herr Budel.

TOYMAKER. Do you realize, too, that his father here — is a poor fellow too?

THE GIRL. Yes, Herr Budel!

TOYMAKER. David will never be a rich man; he is too much like his father — a spendthrift! But he, too, will make toys — beautiful toys, and be a great artist. But listen, your lives will be full of hard work and hard pinches.

THE GIRL. Yes, Herr Budel!

TOYMAKER. No coaches — not many parties or picnics — not much play or such things. You don't care? It doesn't matter?

THE GIRL (*kneeling again beside the Toymaker, and taking David's hand across his knee*). No — it doesn't matter. I love him, sir!

TOYMAKER (*very moved*). Are you quite sure, Fräulein Hesta?

THE GIRL (*simply*). Oh, yes!

TOYMAKER (*A deep note coming into his voice as he puts his arms about the two. The Boy kneels, too*). Please — please come

closer. Now I bless you! (*The two lovers bow their heads; he holds them close to him and bows his head over them, shutting his eyes. His voice trembling with emotion*) Oh, God keep you always children, and let not your love grow up!

[*Pats their heads. A pause. A knock. They all three rise and regard each other.*

THE GIRL (*terror-stricken*). I think it is my father, Herr Budel.

TOYMAKER. Good, — we tell him!

THE GIRL (*frightened*). Oh!

[*Enter Lena in answer to the knock. Stares astonished at the two men.*

LENA. Herr Budel — David Budel — how did you get here!

TOYMAKER (*embarrassed*). Please — I! We!

THE GIRL. I let them in — Lena. Herr Budel has come to see my father on business.

LENA (*suspiciously*). I did not hear you come in!

[*Knock again. Lena goes slowly to the door with a backward look of reproach and distrust at them. She opens the gate. Enter Herr Kronfeldt, frock-coated, smiling and well fed; — with that contentment about him — born of a good dinner and a good pipe, which he is smoking. It is a long meerschaum. Lena closes gate.*

KRONFELDT (*kindly*). Ah, friend Budel! Come to tell me you've changed your mind about those Teddy Bears, eh?

TOYMAKER (*bowing and smiling*). Please, sir, this is not business now — it is different!

KRONFELDT (*puzzled*). Different? (*Then hospitably*) Well, sit down first! Lena — bring some beer! (*Seeing David*) Ah, David!

[*Sits. The Girl sits on bench.*

THE BOY (*bowing and smiling*). Herr Kronfeldt!

KRONFELDT (*Sitting contentedly at table. Waves Budel to a chair*). Sit down!

TOYMAKER (*seating himself nervously*). Thank you, sir!

[*Enter Lena with two glasses of beer on tray. Hesta takes it and serves it. The lovers remain standing, tremblingly listening.*

KRONFELDT (*pompously*). Well — friend Budel — what is this?

TOYMAKER. Sir, you know David here — you have known him since he was a little fellow, so high!

KRONFELDT. Yes! Have some beer, Budel?

TOYMAKER. Thank you!

KRONFELDT (*raising his glass*). Prosit!

TOYMAKER. Prosit, sir!

[*They drink in silence. Exit Lena.*

KRONFELDT. Well!

TOYMAKER (*David bows*). You — you have always liked David — and been kind to him on Christmas and such times.

[*Puts glass back.*

KRONFELDT (*Looks at David. Puzzled*). Yes — David and I have always been good friends, I hope.

THE BOY. Yes, sir!

TOYMAKER. Well, sir, David is a boy no longer.

KRONFELDT. So!

[*Looks below Toymaker at David. Girl moves to end of bench.*

TOYMAKER. No, sir, he is a man!

KRONFELDT. Well?

TOYMAKER (*slowly*). Herr Kronfeldt — Love has come to my son!

KRONFELDT. Yes.

TOYMAKER. Yes, sir — and for Fräulein Hesta — your daughter!

[*Looks at Hesta; she rises.*

KRONFELDT (*smiling*). Nonsense!

TOYMAKER. It is true — (*Kronfeldt turns back to Budel*) Herr Kronfeldt — and his love is returned by Fräulein Hesta.

KRONFELDT (*stopping smiling*). Stop — this is nonsense!

TOYMAKER (*proudly*). Look at them, sir!

[*Kronfeldt regards them both and then the Toymaker in a grave kind of wonder.*

TOYMAKER (*rises*). Herr Kronfeldt — you have known me and mine all these years. I come and honourably ask you to allow my son to marry your daughter!

THE BOY (*with dignity, stepping forward*). Herr Kronfeldt, what my father is saying — indeed is true, sir! I love your daughter, sir — I will work hard for her, sir, — so hard, sir!

TOYMAKER. You see, sir!

KRONFELDT (*Smokes calmly. All three regard him with intensity. He speaks slowly and kindly*). Friend Budel — you are a child — you have always been a child in the ways of the world. I cannot find it in my heart to be angry with you!

TOYMAKER. You talk of anger, sir, — when two people love each other, sir!

KRONFELDT (*laughing*). My dear children — for you are nothing less, the three of you — this is all foolishness! David is a good fellow, Budel, and I have always liked him! I wouldn't mind him in the least for a son-in-law.

[*Hesta runs to embrace him; stops.*

TOYMAKER (*pleased*). Ah!

KRONFELDT. But, my dear Budel, he has no knowledge of the world — and business; he doesn't even know the value of money!

TOYMAKER. Money? I was afraid of this, sir. Please — let us have no money here. This is sacred, sir!

KRONFELDT (*Rising and kindly. Moves to house*). Budel! Budel! You will always be a fool! (*Patting his shoulder*) But a good old fool!

[*Turns to go into the house.*

TOYMAKER (*in agony*). But — Herr Kronfeldt — when do we get married?

KRONFELDT (*turning sharply, his eye blazing*) Married! (*At steps. A pause*). No, I will not lose my temper! Budel — I don't wish to hurt you nor your son! But all this talk of love and marriage is nonsense If you had any money on your side of the contract, I might listen to you; but believe me, my friend, I know more of the world and its ways than you do, and I will not have my daughter marry a man who only paints eyelashes on dolls!

TOYMAKER. But you don't understand; — *love* is here, sir!

[*Points to the lovers.*

KRONFELDT (*on steps*). Do you think I want my daughter to marry into poverty, and slave all the rest of her life? I can't see how you have never learned some sense, Budel. God knows you've had a hard enough time of it, making both ends meet; and yet, here you are, cheerfully asking me to let my daughter enter into a life like yours. Do you want these two to suffer and grind as much as you and Frau Budel have?

TOYMAKER. Suffered — I suffer! My life has been a beautiful one, sir!

KRONFELDT. Budel, I don't want to hurt; I'd be the last man to want to hurt you — as I like and trust you! But can't you see you come to me with an idea I cannot grasp? Listen, I refuse to give my daughter to your son — unless he can come to me with at least 5000 marks to start life with!

TOYMAKER. Money — money — all money-talk! Sir, it is blinding your eyes. God has blessed us here, and you talk of money. I plead, sir, for these two young people!

KRONFELDT. No! No! Our points of view are different.

TOYMAKER. They can never be poor with what they have!

KRONFELDT (*going towards the house, laughing*). All right! All right! Have it your own way, then — have it your own way! But I must refuse the honour. However, I'll show you I have no ill-feeling towards you, and that I trust my Hesta — your son — and yourself. I'll leave you here alone together to say farewell! (*Steps to door*) Good-night!

TOYMAKER (*Pleadingly. Crosses to steps*). Sir — oh, sir!

KRONFELDT. Good-night!

[*Goes into the house, shutting the door. A long pause as Budel, back to audience, stares at the closed door. He then turns slowly and regards the two frightened lovers. He beckons them both with either hand; they come slowly to him, on either side. Then all three stand in front of table. He pats their hands tremblingly.*

TOYMAKER (*taking a deep breath*). Per — perhaps we smile, eh? (*They all try to, but fail. A pause*) It's difficult sometimes — but try hard — all will come right!

THE BOY. Father, Herr Kronfeldt is right! I am too poor to marry Hesta! I must go out into the world and make my fortune! I'll go, as my brother, Adolf, did to America!

TOYMAKER (*tragically, in a low voice*). Oh, no! Oh, no! Not that, David, not that!

THE GIRL. Oh, please, must one always have money to marry with?

TOYMAKER. Of course not.

THE GIRL. What shall we do?

THE BOY. I tell you, Father — Herr Kronfeldt is right. I'll go to America to-morrow — make a fortune and come back to you, Hesta.

THE GIRL (*wistfully*). Can't you make a fortune here in Nuremberg?

TOYMAKER. No — not so sudden!

THE GIRL (*weeping*). It does seem so cruel!

THE BOY. Yes, Father, it is cruel — isn't it?

TOYMAKER. I tell you — we smile — eh?

[*Beckons them both to him.*

THE BOY. What are we to do now, Father?

THE GIRL. Yes — Herr Budel — what are we to do? But please, don't let your son go to America, sir.

THE BOY. But I must, Hesta; there is no way else to win you!

TOYMAKER. Come — we — think.

[*The three all sit on the bench, side by side and close together, and think hard. Some students are heard singing softly in the distance. Birds twitter overhead, and a bell rings the hour. Then a rattle and a bang of horses' hoofs are heard outside the gate. The three rise and listen in terror, clutching hold of each other. The noise becomes fearful — clattering of hoofs, jingling of harness, and rumble of wheels. The Boy runs and opens gate. In bursts Paul, the old Sergeant, the old Poet, and a coachman, all panting and talking at once.*

PAUL (*mad with suppressed excitement*). David! David!

SERGEANT. Halt! I am general here! (*He hobbles up to Budel and salutes*) Is this coast clear?

TOYMAKER (*dazed*). Coast? What is this, Strumpf?

SERGEANT (*cross with excitement*). Answer me — is Kronfeldt in the house?

TOYMAKER. Yes — but ——!

SERGEANT (*hobbles up to the lovers, panting*). Here, you two people. You are in love! (*An embarrassed pause*) Answer!

THE BOY. Yes, sir.

SERGEANT. And the old fool in there (*points to house*) has refused his consent?

THE BOY. Unless I have money!

SERGEANT. Well, you haven't any, have you?

THE BOY. Alas — no, sir!

TOYMAKER. But — Sergeant ——

SERGEANT (*crossly*). Shut up, Abraham! Listen, you two — (*Lena at window with candle*) — do you really want to get married?

BOTH. Yes, please!

SERGEANT (*weeping in his excitement*). Good! Well then! We have a coach and a horse here! — and get inside ——

BOY AND GIRL. Coach!

SERGEANT. God bless you!

ALL. What!

SERGEANT. We'll all get in — drive to St. Martins — marry you — and send you off to a quiet place I know of.

THE BOY (*joy coming into his voice*). You mean for us to elope, sir — run away?

SERGEANT (*quite overcome with emotion and excitement*). Yes, sir — elope, sir — the coach is paid for — and here is enough money to last you till Kronfeldt's anger cools down! God — God bless you, my boy and girl!

[*Goes up stage; so does Paul.*

POET (*Weeping outright. Goes up*). God bless you —— !

[*Lena gives gasps all through this conversation; now listens, breathing hard with rage.*

THE BOY. Oh, sir — Hesta — this is wonderful — will you?

THE GIRL. Oh — my father — I couldn't!

SERGEANT (*sharply*). Do you love him?

[*Bangs David in the chest.*

THE GIRL. Oh, yes, sir!

SERGEANT. Do you want to marry him?

THE GIRL. Yes, please — but my father!

SERGEANT. Father be damned!

THE GIRL. Oh!

[*Shocked.*

SERGEANT. You're not going to marry your father — are you?

THE GIRL. No, sir!

SERGEANT. Come, let us go before we are discovered!

[*Poet, Paul, and Coachman up. Sergeant, Boy, and Girl start up, round the table. Lena gives a cry, shuts the window and is heard running downstairs, within the house.*

TOYMAKER. Stop!!

[*All stop, astonished, and stare at him.*

SERGEANT (*fiercely, his blood roused*). What the devil ——!

TOYMAKER. I forbid this! He has trusted us here together; he has trusted his daughter to my keeping. I forbid this!

[*He goes up on a line with Sergeant.*

SERGEANT. Now this has got nothing to do with you, Abraham! This is my affair!

TOYMAKER. No, it can't be! It is not honourable to Kronfeldt.

SERGEANT (*dismayed*). But I thought you would like this — Budel — it's so — so romantic!

POET (*from his place*). It's a fine coach.

COACHMAN (*from his place, gruffly*). Yes, sir — and it's been used for eloping couples these twenty years!

SERGEANT. Won't you change your mind, Abraham?

TOYMAKER. No — it is wrong!

[*Screams are heard within the house, and Kronfeldt's roaring voice; — then the door bursts open. In rushes Lena and Kronfeldt, both panting, roaring and infuriated. Sergeant retires behind table and joins Poet, who comes down. David and Girl cross to back of couch.*

LENA. Here they are, sir — see the coach — and all!

KRONFELDT (*halting abruptly with a roar, on steps, Lena beside him*). So! (*Exeunt Paul and Coachman. To his daughter*)

Come here! (*Lena exits. She goes to him*) So *that* is how you are to be trusted, Herr Abraham Budel! You come into my house, like a snake, and rob me, like a thief, of my daughter.

ALL (*except Budel*). Sir, — it was our fault — not his.

KRONFELDT (*roaring*). *Silence!*

THE GIRL. It was not his fault, Father!

KRONFELDT (*roaring*). *Silence!*

[*Clutches her wrist tighter!*

THE GIRL. Oh, Father, you hurt me!

[*The Boy runs to her.*

KRONFELDT. Stand off — (*The Boy retires*) I'll have you all arrested. No, I won't! I know what I'll do! Herr Budel, I trusted you — now — now — I see you are a villain! Now I understand your motives — because I was going to cut your wages for not making Teddy Bears — you try to have your son to marry into my family for my money, eh? — to save yourself! Ah! and you acted so innocent all the time — and I believed you. You double-face! You liar! You sneak-thief! You child-robber! I don't want your dolls and toys any more! Get out of my place! (*Back on steps*) I can get plenty of people to make Teddy Bears for me; you are not the only one! Go!! I discharge you from my employ. Get out of my place! (*All gasp. To his daughter*) Come, you! I have something to say to you — my lady — inside!

[*Drags her roughly into the house, and slams the door to with a bang. The little Toymaker has been standing with his back to audience, and staring up at Kronfeldt — enquiringly. A long silence. Slowly turns front with an ashy face. The Sergeant and Poet come, with bowed heads, on either side of him.*

SERGEANT (*brokenly*). It was all our fault!

POET (*weeping openly*). Please — oh, friend!

TOYMAKER (*Stares at both of them, his lips trying to work. He takes their two hands and helplessly pats them. He speaks with trembling lips, trying to smile*) Co — come — per — perhaps — we — we — smile!

END OF ACT II

ACT III

At the Toymaker's again. Ten days later. The act begins with late afternoon.

The curtain rises on Frau Budel, on her knees, packing a huge trunk — a gaudy affair. She packs for a while and then bursts into tears, and covers her face with the Toymaker's coat which she is packing. A knock is heard.

FRAU BUDEL (*wiping her eyes on the coat and continuing her packing*). Co — come in! (*Enter a young Clerk, with fat cheeks and spectacles; he keeps hat on*) Who are you?

THE CLERK (*opening a large book*). I'm from the auctioneers, Frau Budel. I've come to make the inventory!

[*Looks about the room.*

FRAU BUDEL (*rising*). Oh, please wait, sir — come back in an hour's time!

THE CLERK (*looking at his watch, and at the great clock without*). But the appointment was for five o'clock, Madam!

FRAU BUDEL. I know — but — my husband — you know he leaves — he leaves here to-day forever — he goes to America! He — he wants to see this room as it has always been — to say good-bye to it — so! Instead of leaving it when it is all bare!

THE CLERK (*bowing a great deal, — kindly*). Oh, certainly, Madam — we will return later — in an hour's time! Pardon — I understand you do not go with your husband — Frau Budel — and that the proceeds of the auction are to go to you?

FRAU BUDEL (*tearfully*). Yes — my husband and my son — are going to America for a little while — to make a fortune!

THE CLERK. In what business, may I ask — Frau Budel?

FRAU BUDEL. They don't quite know, but we read in a paper that a great deal of money can be made in the West of America, with cattle raising!

THE CLERK. Yes?

FRAU BUDEL. Yes! This man in the paper says, if you send him five marks in postage stamps, he will show you how to make a fortune in a year!

THE CLERK. America is a wonderful place! (*Bowing*) We will return later, Frau Budel!

FRAU BUDEL. Thank you!

[*Exeunt Clerk and Assistant. A pause as she goes on packing. Enter the Boy, gay and excited.*

THE BOY. Hurry, Mother, hurry, or we'll never be in time!

FRAU BUDEL (*tearfully*). Yes — I'm hurrying — David!

THE BOY. Don't cry, Mother — please! Come, let me help you pack — so!

[*Picks up a great bunch of clothes and throws them into the trunk.*

FRAU BUDEL. Oh — stop! No! That is not packing — that is stuffing! Here — this is the way — so!

[*Packs carefully again. The Boy watches her pack for some moments, then reaches out and catches her hand.*

THE BOY. Oh, Mother, dear (*she rises, with waistcoat in her hand*), you will be kind and watch over her when we are away?

FRAU BUDEL. Oh, yes — my boy — my David — we will pray much together for you! I don't know what your father will do — he has never been one whole day away from me, since we have been married — he is quite helpless, without me!

THE BOY (*cheerfully*). Never fear, I'll look after him, Mother!

FRAU BUDEL. Yes — but he is so absent-minded, and the outside world always makes him nervous and afraid! You know how he always lives in this room — it is his world! Outside, it is so big and noisy and cruel! Dear me, you both are such children! — such babies!

THE BOY. But I am a man now, Mother! We'll make a fortune in six months — perhaps three. And the first thing I do with my money is to buy you a black silk dress, my Mother. [*Embrace.*

FRAU BUDEL (*clings to him*). My boy — my boy! — Adolph left me; it seems hard that you must be taken from me, too!

TOYMAKER (*voice from room*). Emma!

FRAU BUDEL (*drying her eyes*). Yes, Abraham!

TOYMAKER (*voice*). Come, Emma, let us have a last look together, and see if we've forgotten anything!

FRAU BUDEL. I'm coming! (*Going to the door, weeping*) David — it will kill him! He — he never rode a horse in his life!

THE BOY. Never fear, Mother, I won't let him ride — I'll do it all myself!

FRAU BUDEL. Oh, I hope it's true that you can make a fortune in a year!

THE BOY. The man in the paper says so! Everyone says so! Look at Herr Erkhardt — and lots of people who have done it!

FRAU BUDEL. But cattle are so dangerous, David!

THE BOY. Well — perhaps it won't be cattle! We'll find my brother Adolph, first, — he'll know what is best!

FRAU BUDEL (*going out*). Oh, it is hard — it is hard!

[*Exit Frau Budel. The Boy is left alone a moment; he closes trunk, and moves up stage. A knock is heard and Paul bursts in.*

PAUL (*in a wild whisper*). David! David! [*On steps.*

THE BOY. What is it, Paul?

PAUL (*breathlessly*). Are you alone?

THE BOY. Yes.

PAUL (*coming in a little*). I have brought someone to see you — no one knows!

THE BOY. What!

PAUL (*delightedly, opens door*). Fräulein Hesta!

THE BOY. Hesta! (*Crosses to Paul*) Oh, where is she? Where is she?

PAUL (*running to the door and flinging it wide open*). Here! (*Enter the Girl on a run, and flies into the Boy's arms*) I'll keep watch on the stairs — you mustn't be long — Herr Kronfeldt gets back at six!

[*Exit, closing door.*

THE BOY (*brokenly*). Oh, my Hesta! — oh, my Hesta!

THE GIRL. David — oh, David! I told my father it was not your father's fault — the elopement — but he wouldn't listen;

he said your father has deceived everyone and shaken his faith in mankind!

THE BOY. Yes — Herr Kronfeldt returned my father's letter unopened, and refused to see either Sergeant Strumpf or Stauffenbach. Never mind, it was all for the best.

THE GIRL. Oh, I can't let you go, David! It was all my fault! I can't bear it that it is my father who should be the one to do this cruel thing!

THE BOY. Hesta — your father was right! He has made a man of me! He is right! I will become a strong, strong man, and do big things now. No more am I a boy — no longer do I paint eyelashes on dolls! I am a man now!

[*Lets go of her.*

THE GIRL. Oh, I don't want you to be a man, David, — I want you to be — (*turns to him*) in Nuremberg!

THE BOY (*tenderly*). Hesta — my Hesta — promise you won't forget me ——

THE GIRL. David ——

THE BOY. I love you ——

THE GIRL. I love you!

THE BOY (*taking out divers pieces of the flute, and putting them together*). See — my old flute! I am going to give it to you to keep till I come back!

THE GIRL. Oh, no — you must take it with you — to keep your heart gay!

THE BOY (*sadly*). No, it must be silent now. It has always been used to wake the love in your heart! I could not play it to strangers now! Oh, no! Keep it, my Hesta — and when you see it — you will remember — my heart was on my lips when I played!

[*Gives it to her.*

THE GIRL (*holding up a little book*). I brought this — this book — for you, — David!

THE BOY. A prayer-book!

THE GIRL. Yes, and inside — see — a rose is pressed! — I've so often thrown one of those to you — my David!

[*They embrace, with emotion. Chimes strike once, 5.30 P. M.*

THE BOY. Half-past five — you must go!

[*Enter Paul.*

PAUL. Time's up — Fräulein Hesta!

THE GIRL (*holding David in her arms*). Ah no! — (*Embrace*) Good-bye! Good-bye!

THE BOY (*holding her close to him*). I love you! Look up! Look up! The sun is shining in my heart! I'm a man now! I'm going to win you — my Hesta!

THE GIRL. Good-bye! Good-bye!

THE BOY (*brokenly*). Good-bye! Good-bye!

THE GIRL (*taking the flute in both her hands, and holding her head far back to keep back the tears*). No — you must not see me last — crying. I will be smiling? — so!

[*Tries to smile, and then, with a moaning cry, turns and runs out, sobbing.*

THE BOY. Hesta!

[*Rushes after her.*

PAUL (*standing in front of the Boy*). Stop! Don't make it harder for her, David!

THE BOY (*gasping*). All right — quick — go! Take her home!

[*Exit Paul. The Boy walks up to table, struggling with his emotion, which he masters with difficulty. He ends up, sitting at his father's little work-table, and holding his head in his hands; he sways from side to side. Enter the Toymaker, carrying the dog in both arms. He regards his son in his attitude of despair.*

TOYMAKER (*worried*). David — what is this?

THE BOY (*rising, and looking at door*). I have just said good-bye to my love lady!

TOYMAKER (*amazed*). She was here ——

THE BOY. Yes, sir — she's just gone!

TOYMAKER. It was good of her to come! (*Going over to the Boy*) My David — (*looks up into the Boy's face*) we'll win her, eh?

THE BOY (*holds on to his father*). Oh, yes, sir — bless you, sir!

TOYMAKER. We'll make a fortune — eh, David?

THE BOY (*begins to smile*). Oh, yes, Father!

TOYMAKER (*wistfully*). You think so?

THE BOY (*enthusiastically*). Of course — Father!

TOYMAKER. And Nebuchadnezzar? (*Holds up the dog*) We take him?

THE BOY. Oh, yes — Father — we'll take the dog! He can help us with the cattle — and keep the burglars off!

TOYMAKER (*shyly*). Burglars ——!

THE BOY. Yes, Father!

TOYMAKER (*looking at the dog*). He is not much acquainted with burglars, David!

THE BOY. Oh, Father, won't it be wonderful to go out into the world — so great and big — and fight our way through!

TOYMAKER (*nodding timidly*). Yes — David!

THE BOY. We'll show them — *we'll* show them, — eh, Father?

TOYMAKER (*not understanding, but agreeing*). Yes — David!

THE BOY. Paint eyelashes on dolls — pah! — that's child work to what I'm going to do now — to the life we're going to lead — to the men we're going to become! No more toys now, Father — we are going to do bigger things!

TOYMAKER. Yes, David!

THE BOY (*excitedly, coming back*). Oh, it's glorious, Father, glorious — what love can do for a man! I feel I could move the world — lift this house!

TOYMAKER (*timidly*). Please ——

THE BOY (*pausing*). Yes, Father ——

TOYMAKER. You'll let me make a doll now and then!

THE BOY. Of course, Father — if you want to — but you'll never want to again ——

TOYMAKER. You think so?

THE BOY. Of course, Father; toys are children's things. We'll be men, Father — big men!

TOYMAKER. Oh!

[*Enter Frau Budel. She halts and regards them. They look at her anxiously.*

FRAU BUDEL (*in a hard, dry voice*). No — don't be afraid — I'm not going to cry. Is — is everything ready?

[*Boy takes dog, goes behind Emma, and puts him off. Comes back and sits on arm of chair.*

TOYMAKER. Yes — Emma. Except our personal luggage — up-stairs!

FRAU BUDEL. Personal luggage?

TOYMAKER. Yes — some things — some private things — Emma. (*An embarrassed pause, as all three look on the ground*) Emma — Strumpf and Stauffenbach will look after you when — when I am gone!

FRAU BUDEL (*trying to hold back her tears*). Ye — es!

TOYMAKER. I have left for you the little money I have saved, and with the auction of these — (*looks yearningly around the room*) these things — you will be all right for a year — when we come back — rich!

FRAU BUDEL. Yes!

TOYMAKER. You will — take care of yourself — Emma?

FRAU BUDEL. Ye — es!

TOYMAKER. You — you won't be lonesome?

FRAU BUDEL (*weakly*). Oh, no!

TOYMAKER (*going up to his wife, taking her hands in his and holding them, — his lips trembling*). Emma!

FRAU BUDEL (*trembling — on the verge of tears — clinging to his hands*). My boy — my boy!

[*They cling to each other, and look into each other's eyes.*

TOYMAKER. It is — for the best — Emma!

[*They both nod to each other.*

THE BOY. Stop that — Father — Mother — you mustn't!

TOYMAKER. Emma!

FRAU BUDEL. Abraham!

[*Voices without. A military knock is heard on the door. The two old people still cling to each other, looking into each other's eyes. The Boy opens the door, and in walks the old Sergeant and the Poet.*

SERGEANT. Abraham!

TOYMAKER (*still clinging to his wife's hands*). Old friends!

SERGEANT (*excitedly*). There's a big crowd waiting at the station for you — to say good-bye!

TOYMAKER (*in terror*). Good-bye?

POET. Yes, Abraham, it's a big crowd — mostly children! Why, I never thought you knew so many children!

TOYMAKER (*with trembling voice, clinging closer to his wife*). Emma — I am scared!

FRAU BUDEL. Oh, my boy!

TOYMAKER (*choking*). I could not leave you, Emma. Oh no — I cannot leave you — you are helpless without me! She is helpless without me!

FRAU BUDEL. No, Abraham, I am brave — see!

[*Tries to hold her head up and cannot. They cling to each other.*

THE BOY (*comes behind them, and then between them*). Father — Mother — you mustn't!

TOYMAKER. But she is such a child — I have never left her a day — she is helpless! She is such a child!

FRAU BUDEL. Be brave — Abraham ——

THE BOY. Yes, Father — it's nearly time to go!

TOYMAKER (*trying to command himself*). Please — I am scared! It is hard to be brave! I would make a bad soldier — eh — Strumpf? (*The Sergeant shakes his head*) Come here — you two bad fellows! (*His two old friends come up to him. The Toymaker reaches in his coat, and brings out an old watch and a bunch of medals*) Here, Stauffenbach, — here is the Schiller watch — and you, Strumpf — your medals — I pin them on, so! (*The Sergeant stands and salutes, as the Toymaker pins the medals on*) You have doubly won these honours — Sergeant Strumpf! What you did for your old friend last week — was the bravest and noblest deed of your life! Bless you!

SERGEANT (*brokenly*). We can't let you go to America alone; we must come with you!

POET. Yes — please let us come too!

TOYMAKER. No — please — you stay and care for my Emma here! David and I will go out into the world — alone!

THE BOY. Yes, Father!

SERGEANT. Well — if I can't go — I want you to take this to defend yourself against dangers. (*Draws out from his coat tails an enormous campaign revolver*) Here is my campaign revolver! Take it — you will need it in America. [*Forces it on him.*

TOYMAKER (*taking it gingerly in both hands*). Thank you — Strumpf!

SERGEANT. Take care — it is loaded!

TOYMAKER (*laying it at once carefully with both hands on the floor*). Thank you, Strumpf — that was thoughtful of you! Please unfix it!

SERGEANT. Unfix it?

TOYMAKER. Yes — take out the loads!

SERGEANT. Oh! (*Picks up the pistol and goes to table with Poet*) There!

TOYMAKER (*smiling*). Thank you!

[*Knock at door. Clerk enters. Sergeant sits on bench, Poet at table, Frau Budel on trunk.*

CLERK (*out of breath*). Beg pardon — Herr Budel ——

TOYMAKER. Yes! Yes!

CLERK. I have bought your tickets, Herr Budel ——

TOYMAKER. Yes! Yes!

CLERK. But the dog!

[*The Boy runs off and gets dog.*

TOYMAKER. The dog — well — sir!

CLERK. When I brought your tickets you did not say anything about taking the dog.

TOYMAKER. Well, sir?

CLERK. It costs quite a lot to take a dog to America.

TOYMAKER. How much?

CLERK. About one hundred marks!

TOYMAKER. One hundred marks — No — please — I can't — no — are you sure?

CLERK. Oh, yes! ——

TOYMAKER. But Nebuchadnezzar here — surely it would be different for him?

CLERK. No — Herr Budel — he is a dog and has to pay the dog rate.

TOYMAKER. Please, you are sure, sir? Well, you take him, eh? — You take him to Fräulein Hesta Kronfeldt — to keep till we come back? (*Taking Clerk aside*) Please don't tell the dog we are gone till to-morrow — eh?

CLERK. No, sir!

TOYMAKER. Now take him away —— (*Exit Clerk*) I'll not look. Is he gone? I go — now — up-stairs —— (*Poet gives him the pistol*) Strumpf — Stauffenbach — help me — (*They cross to door*) I'll get my personal luggage — we go. Come, David!

[*The three go out, leaving the Toymaker alone with his wife. He stands staring at her; holds out his arms to her at door.* Emma!

FRAU BUDEL (*running to him and embracing him*). Abraham!

TOYMAKER (*holding her for a moment*). All will come right, Emma — all will come right!

[*She nods her head, speechless with grief, trying to smile; he turns and goes out of the room smiling at her. She then creeps over to the Toymaker's little work-table and, with infinite yearning and tenderness, kneels down and, putting her arms across the table, lays her head down on them and cries silently — her heart broken. A pause. Feet and voices are heard on the stairs without. Then a knock at door. Frau Budel hears nothing, but weeps despairingly. The knock is heard again, and then the door is opened, and in bursts Adolph Budel — an enormous, six-foot, fair-haired lad of the commercial-traveller type — of Kansas City — who belongs to the Elks, and wears a shark's tooth on his watch-chain. He is dressed in a brown business coat, dark grey trousers, immaculate white waistcoat, a white automobile coat, hat, gauntlets and goggles. With him is his chauffeur, Tom Macey, a typical New Yorker, dressed in black leather uniform. Frau Budel sees and hears nothing.*

CHAUFFEUR. This is the place, sir!

ADOLPH (*in a whisper — seeing his mother*). Wait outside, Tom — till I call you! (*Puts coat over rail. Exit Macey. Adolph stands still some moments, looking tenderly at his mother, pulling off his gloves at last. He then goes slowly towards her. Comes round to her. Tenderly*) Frau Budel!

FRAU BUDEL (*without raising her head — with a moaning sob*). Yes!

ADOLPH (*putting a hand quietly on her*). Mother ——!

FRAU BUDEL (*sits slowly up, staring at him through her tears, tremblingly*). Sir — who are you?

ADOLPH (*Raising her. In a low voice*). Mother — it is me — your son!

FRAU BUDEL (*vaguely staring at him*). My — my son?

ADOLPH (*brokenly*). Yes — your boy — Mother — your Adolph!

FRAU BUDEL. Adolph!

[*Stares at him.*

ADOLPH (*coming nearer to her on his knees, and putting his arms tenderly around her*). Yes — I am your boy — Mother — your boy!

FRAU BUDEL (*sobbing and pressing the big man close to her heart*). Adolph! Oh, my Adolph! (*They hold each other tight for a while, without a word*) You've come back! You've come back! Oh, my boy! My little boy! My baby! (*Rocks to and fro with him, sobbing*) My heart has starved for you. My heart has starved for you! My heart has starved for you! Oh! Oh!

ADOLPH (*choking*). I am here — Mother — I am here!

FRAU BUDEL. Adolph — Adolph! My Adolph!

ADOLPH. Mother — I didn't know you were so pretty — how young and pretty you are — for such a big fellow like me!

FRAU BUDEL. Oh, why didn't you write?

ADOLPH. Oh — I cannot write letters! I don't know what to say! I can't write to those I love.

FRAU BUDEL (*realizing it is her son*). Adolph! — Adolph! Where did you come from? How did you come?

ADOLPH. I came down from Berlin in my bubble.

FRAU BUDEL (*puzzled*). Bubble?

ADOLPH. Yes — automobile — motor-car!

FRAU BUDEL. What is this — my boy — you have an auto-machine?

ADOLPH. Yes, Mother — yes — it's a six cylinder, and it's a beauty on the up-grades!

FRAU BUDEL. But, Adolph, my son — only princes and such people have such things!

ADOLPH (*rising*). That's it, Mother — that's it!

FRAU BUDEL (*still dazed*). That's it?

ADOLPH. Mother — look at me — look at me — I'm rich!

FRAU BUDEL. Rich?

ADOLPH (*excitedly*). Yes — American rich — really — gorgeously — rollingly, magnificently rich!

FRAU BUDEL (*in awe*). My Adolph!

ADOLPH (*laughing*). That's it — I never wrote — because I was working hard — heart-breakingly hard — praying all the time that when I made my fortune — I'd come home and buy out the town (*with a sob*) for you! Well, I only made my pile last year — by the merest stroke of luck!

FRAU BUDEL. Luck?

ADOLPH. Yes, luck! I was in Kansas City — doing drummer-work for suspenders — patent suspenders — when I saw Bears — Teddy Bears — you know — these things — these Toy Bears!

FRAU BUDEL. Yes — yes!

ADOLPH. Well, I bought out McCleary's shop — joined forces — and scooped the market of Teddy Bears!

FRAU BUDEL (*dazed*). Scooped?

ADOLPH. Yes, Mother — I cornered Teddy Bears — and, Mother — Mother, they sold like hot-cakes! The children dropped their dolls, and grabbed up the bears! Lord, how the money rolled in! Mother, I am rich — gorgeously, magnumptiously — rich! I'm called the "Teddy Bear King."

FRAU BUDEL (*in horror*). The Teddy Bear King!

ADOLPH. Yes — here's one. (*Takes out a little white Teddy Bear from his pocket*) See, I always carry one.

FRAU BUDEL. But — my son — you don't know ——

[*A knock and in comes the auctioneer's Clerk.*

CLERK. It is near six o'clock, Frau Budel.

ADOLPH. Who is this, Mother?

FRAU BUDEL. The Auctioneer — Adolph!

ADOLPH. *What!* Auctioneer! Why? What for?

FRAU BUDEL. Oh, Adolph — Kronfeldt has turned us out — wouldn't give your father work because he wouldn't make Teddy Bears! Your Teddy Bears!

ADOLPH (*astounded*). What!

FRAU BUDEL. And David — your brother — is in love with Fräulein Hesta — and Kronfeldt thinks your father is a villain, and wanted to marry into his family for the money!

ADOLPH. Kronfeldt thinks that, does he?

FRAU BUDEL (*weeping*). Yes — so your father — and David — are going to America — to start a ranch!

[*Enter Paul on the run.*

PAUL. David — David ——

[*Sees Adolph; turns to go.*

ADOLPH. Here — you — what's your name?

PAUL. Paul, sir!

ADOLPH. Tom!

TOM. Yes, sir!

[*Enter Chauffeur.*

ADOLPH (*scribbles with a pencil on a card*). Here, Paul — get into my bubble and show Tom here — the quickest way to Herr Kronfeldt's, and bring Fräulein Hesta and her father here as quickly as you can ——

FRAU BUDEL. But he won't come, Adolph! We've tried to write him — ourselves!

ADOLPH. Won't come — won't he? Wait till he reads this! I'm *his* boss — Mother! — what I say goes with Kronfeldt! — I'm the "Teddy Bear King"! And if he doesn't get here inside of twenty minutes — Tom Macey — I'll make you and him look like the middle of last July! Quick, both of you!

[*Gives card to Paul. Exeunt Paul and Chauffeur.*

PAUL (*as he goes out, in awe*). The Teddy Bear King!

ADOLPH (*to Auctioneer*). The auction is off! I'll pay you for your trouble.

CLERK. Oh, thank you, sir!

[*Exits.*

ADOLPH. Who owns this house — who's the actual landlord?

FRAU BUDEL. Herr Shultz!

ADOLPH. It's ours! We'll buy the place! God — I never had

the chance to do what I wanted with my money — (*With a catch in his voice*) Mother, I've dreamt of doing this — Mother, I've dreamt of this! Mother — you say my brother David — can't get married because he's too poor?

FRAU BUDEL. Yes — he paints the eyelashes on the dolls!

ADOLPH. I'll settle that — fifty thousand marks for a wedding present! I'll make old Kronfeldt change his mind!

FRAU BUDEL. Adolph — you mean — your father — David — won't be taken away from me?

ADOLPH. Taken away from you? (*Embraces her*) I'd like to see the man who'd dare to! No! I'll buy this house forever — for the whole damn family, and we'll never go away, and live forever here — together!

FRAU BUDEL (*weeping*). Oh! But wait — your father — he mustn't see you at first — it would be too much for him! He's coming down-stairs now!

ADOLPH. What shall I do?

FRAU BUDEL (*pushing him out*). Hide outside the front door — till he is in a proper state to tell him!

ADOLPH. All right! (*Kisses his mother*) Isn't it great — Mother! Aren't you proud of your boy, eh?

FRAU BUDEL. Oh, so much!

ADOLPH. And I made it by the merest chance — Mother!

FRAU BUDEL. Yes — yes — Now wait here till I call you!

[*Pushes him out door and shuts it, breathing hard. The Toymaker enters, carrying with difficulty a bird-cage, a large vase, a doll, his dog under his arm, and the Sergeant's huge revolver.*

FRAU BUDEL. What are those things — Abraham?

TOYMAKER. My — my personal luggage!

[*Enter the Sergeant and the Poet, carrying more toys and bric-à-brac.*

TOYMAKER (*weakly*). Emma!

FRAU BUDEL. Yes, Abraham?

TOYMAKER. I say good-bye — now.

FRAU BUDEL. Yes — Abraham — but?

TOYMAKER. Wait — I say good-bye to the room first.

ALL. Yes.

TOYMAKER. Now I say good-bye — quick! (*Goes to the middle of the room, holding his vase, doll, pistol, and bird-cage, — and stares yearningly all round*) Good-bye, old room! (*Stands still a moment, then runs to his wife*) Good-bye, Emma!

FRAU BUDEL. Wait, Abraham ——

TOYMAKER (*running to the door*). No — no — I can't — I must be quick! — Good-bye — good-bye!

[*Opens the door, disclosing Adolph, and behind him Herr Kronfeldt, smiling, — Hesta, Paul and Chauffeur. The Toymaker halts and stares at them, looking up at the big stranger. A long pause. Adolph is very moved.*

ADOLPH (*brokenly*). It was cruel.

TOYMAKER. Yes, sir.

ADOLPH. Don't you know me?

TOYMAKER (*dazed*). No, sir!

ADOLPH. I'm your son.

TOYMAKER (*nodding his head*). Yes, sir?

ADOLPH. Father — I'm your boy, come back to you. Come back — rich! I've made a fortune! I'm the "Teddy Bear King!"

TOYMAKER. The Teddy Bear King?

ADOLPH (*holding out his arms*). Father — Father — I'm your boy, Adolph!

TOYMAKER (*stares at him a long while; then with a little cry drops everything in his arms*). Adolph! — my Adolph!

[*They embrace. Everyone is moved.*

SERGEANT (*taking out a handkerchief, brokenly*). Gott in Himmel!

TOYMAKER (*Clings to Adolph, dazed and astonished. Turns to Emma*). He is here, Emma. He is here — our firstborn!

FRAU BUDEL. Yes, I know — I know!

ADOLPH. Father, it's all right! Everything's all right! You won't have to go to America now. As for David and Fräulein Hesta — here she is — it's all settled.

KRONFELDT (*smiling and bowing*). It's all right, Budel. It's all right, now.

ADOLPH. It's all settled, Father! — Where is David?

TOYMAKER (*Still clinging to his son, motions feebly. Looks up yearningly into his face*). We — we don't go?

ADOLPH. No — Father — here you stay.

TOYMAKER (*Turns and gives a long and wistful look about the room, still clinging to the lapel of his son's coat. Then he again looks yearningly up at his son, like a child*). Please, I — I can stay?

ADOLPH (*nods*). Yes.

TOYMAKER. Oh!

[*Sighs.*

ADOLPH (*brokenly*). Yes, Father. Why, I could buy the whole square if you wanted it! It's yours and always will be yours forever!

TOYMAKER (*looks around room as before*). I — I can stay?

ADOLPH (*nods*). Yes.

TOYMAKER (*sighs*). Oh!

ADOLPH. Oh, my God, yes! — Daddy — forever — forever! I'm here to care for you now — to protect you — Daddy! Daddy! *You can stay!*

TOYMAKER (*stares up at his son; then a startled look*). And David! Dave! — Oh, oh, come! (*Beckons Hesta with both hands*) C — come. (*Kronfeldt disengages her. She comes quickly to him*) Da — (*Weakly*) David.

[*Leads her tremblingly to door, and tries to call. All watch him.*

THE BOY (*off stage*). Yes, Father!

TOYMAKER. Come!

[*Enter the Boy, carrying his arms full of books.*

THE BOY. Yes, Father. (*Sees Hesta; lets books fall with a crash*) Hesta!

TOYMAKER. David, it has come. It is the Teddy Bear.

THE BOY. What are you saying, Father?

TOYMAKER. The Teddy Bear. He is rich. He has come. He is my son. He is Adolph.

DAVID. Adolph!

TOYMAKER. Yes, he is rich. I told you. He gives you your love lady. So!

[*Joins hands of Boy and Girl.*

DAVID. You mean? ——

TOYMAKER. Yes. (*Turns his back on the lovers and waves to the others*) We — we not look.

DAVID (*with sob, embraces Hesta*). My Hesta!

THE GIRL. David!

TOYMAKER (*His back to lovers. Smiles through tears; his voice breaks for the first time; simply*). I — I — think I thank God.

CURTAIN

END OF PLAY

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